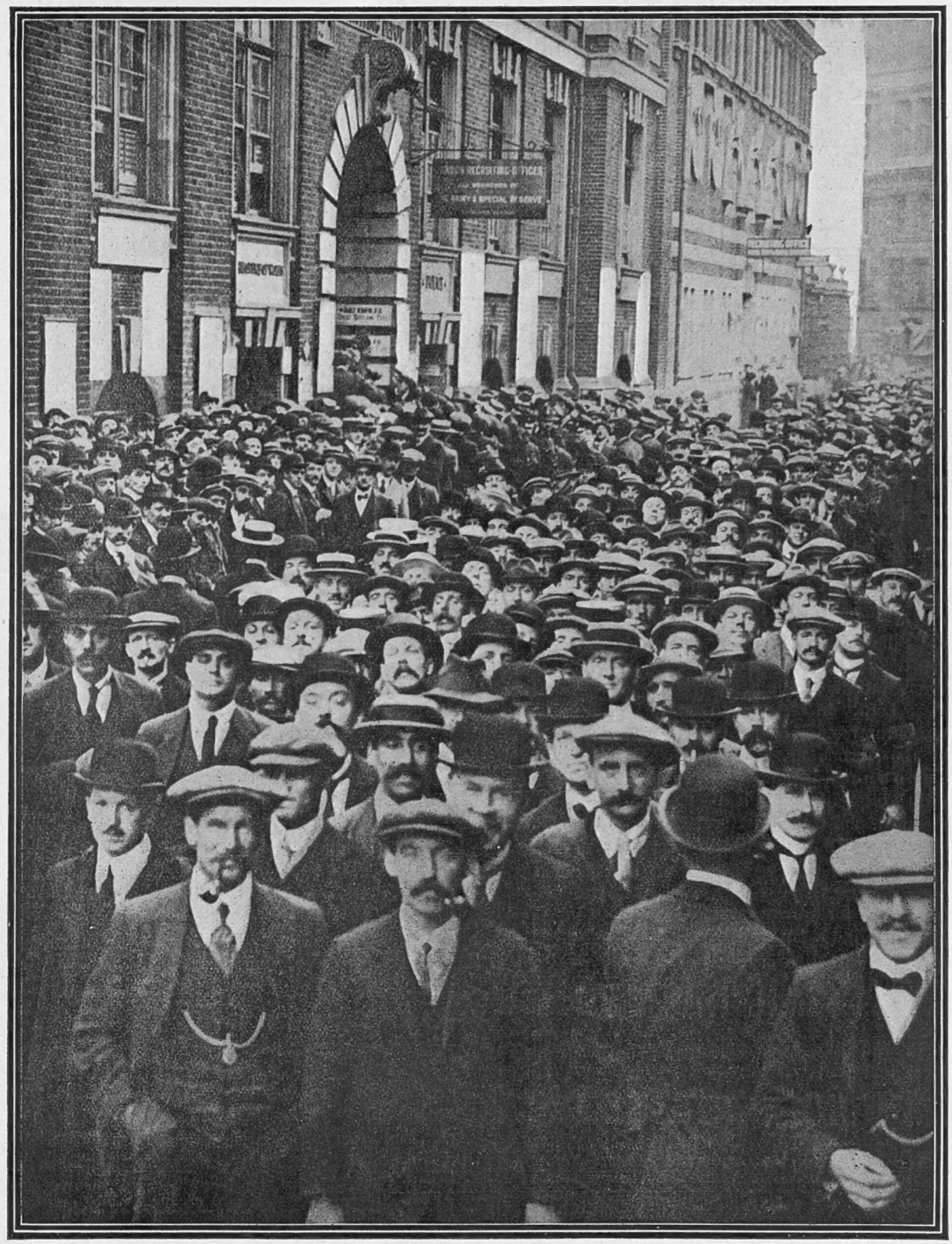
The Bystander, June 7, 1916.—No. 653. Vol. L

The BYSTANDER



ARE THEY DOWN-HEARTED?

Married men in search of the munition work which the War Office offered to 1,000 attested men of the later groups in lieu of field service

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

WHO CRIES OUT?

What the Navy Has Done

We have been hurt, and who cries out? For twenty-two months the Navy has held the seas, bottled up the enemy, protected our food supplies and intercepted his, transported to the assistance of our Allies millions of troops with all kinds of supplies, kept open our own and Allied trade with the wide world.

The Yelp of the Unthinking

On two occasions the German Fleet made its way out when our Fleet was not looking, and threw a few bombs into undefended watering-places. Then up went the cry, "WHAT IS THE NAVY DOING?"

A Change in Policy

It went up for the first time after Scarborough. The Navy made no reply, but simply went on doing it. So far as we could see, it made no change whatever in its distribution. Then there came Lowestoft. On that occasion, however, the Fleet did not keep stoically silent. It made answer—through its mouthpiece, the First Lord. In response to the natural and human cries of the Mayors, Mr. Balfour announced that the Fleet's dispositions had been modified, and that henceforth the coast towns might sleep in their famous beds.

Photograph *Speaight*

ADMIRAL SIR DAVID BEATTY

The gallant commander of the Battle Cruiser Squadron of our Grand Fleet in the great naval battle off Jutland on May 31

When the Explanation Comes

It is not for a mere layman to say that the Battle of Jutland is the consequence of the change in the Fleet's dispositions, and that in order to protect Lowestoft we have sacrificed some of our finest battle-cruisers. It is not for a mere layman to complain in any way of Admiral Beatty, or of the losses he has sustained. In due course, the experts will have before them Jellicoe's explanation of the whole business, and if it turns out that the Battle of Jutland was the direct result of "civilian pressure," and that ships were sent across the sea to meet an enemy who had been better met on our side, then the public will demand the reckoning—from the civilians.

No Squealing

If, on the other hand, the scheme was Jellicoe's, and what has happened has been the inevitable result of a well-prepared plan, all the public will need is an assurance that the results gained have been proportionate to the losses. There will be no squealing, when that assurance has been given, and from what I hear all really is for the best—better, even.

No Victory Without Its Price

I heard no squealing from any civilian on the morrow of the battle. Only from certain newspapers went up the still small voice of panic. Some went out, as usual, against the "politicians"; others discovered faults in the high strategy, and yet others were disposed to blame the Admiral. But the attitude of the man in the street was one of sorrow, combined with quiet confidence, and readiness to forgive even the heaviest losses to an Admiral who, even if guilty of tactical errors, had gone out and fought with traditional British devilment, and damned the consequences. The man in the street realised that it was fatuous one day to abuse the Navy for doing nothing and then on the next to abuse it for doing something, just because, in the doing thereof, it had to pay a price.

A Wise First Lord

I offer no opinion of my own, only an impression, and that is that the attacks and sneers at Mr. Balfour are brutal and cruel. It is my belief, which is largely shared, that Mr. Balfour is the type of First Lord who *does* leave strategy to the sailors, and who does not intrude his own amateurish notions where they are not wanted, as was said of Mr. Churchill.

Didn't Like "The Truth" When They Got It!

Yet another ridiculous squeal. The papers who have been agitating to be told the truth were actually told it! On Saturday morning they got "the truth"—on this occasion free from all optimistic clothing. Our own losses were admitted outright, and we claimed to have destroyed no more of the enemy's ships than we actually believed we had destroyed. But were the "hide-the-truth" papers satisfied? Not at all. They proved that they really didn't like the truth when they got it—from other sources than their own well-informed special correspondents. It was a breach of copyright.

(Continued on page 430)

Naval Victory—Hun-Official!

BACK IN SANCTUARY

WILHELM: "A-ha!!! Where is your boasted British-Naval-Supremacy-Trident now?!!!"

LORD NELSON (speaking for most worthy successors): "Same old place, Sir—German Ocean, and in the same hands. It was close behind you as you ran for home, and I rather fancy, if the truth were known, you got a d——d good taste of it too"

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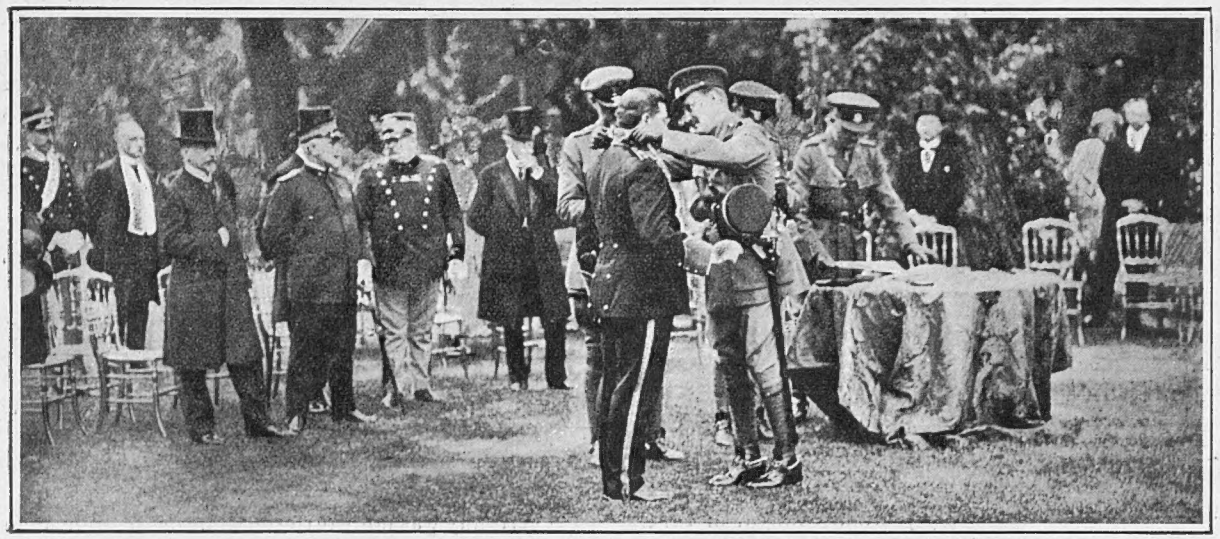
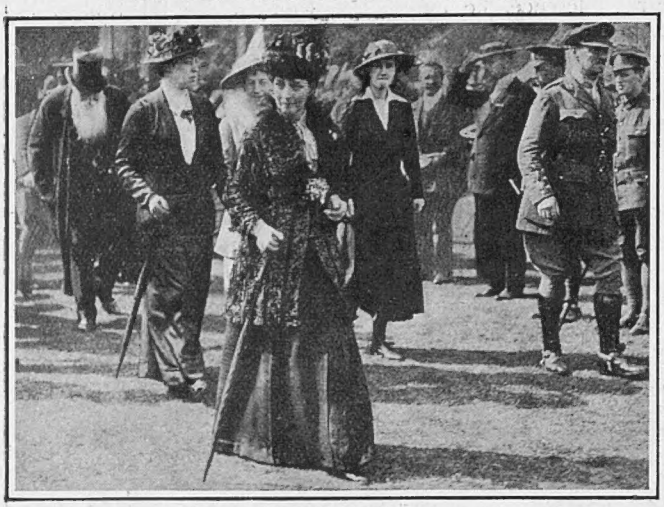
Our Busy Royalties



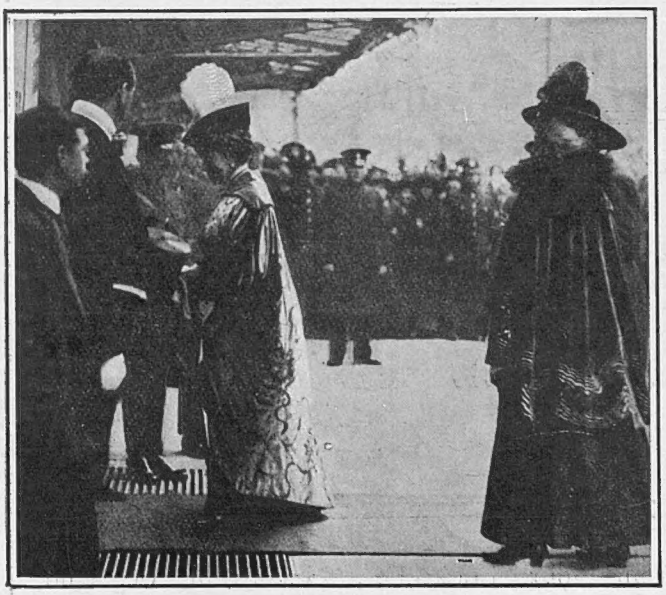
IN ROME

Prince Arthur of Connaught conferring decorations on officers of the Italian Army in the gardens of the British Embassy



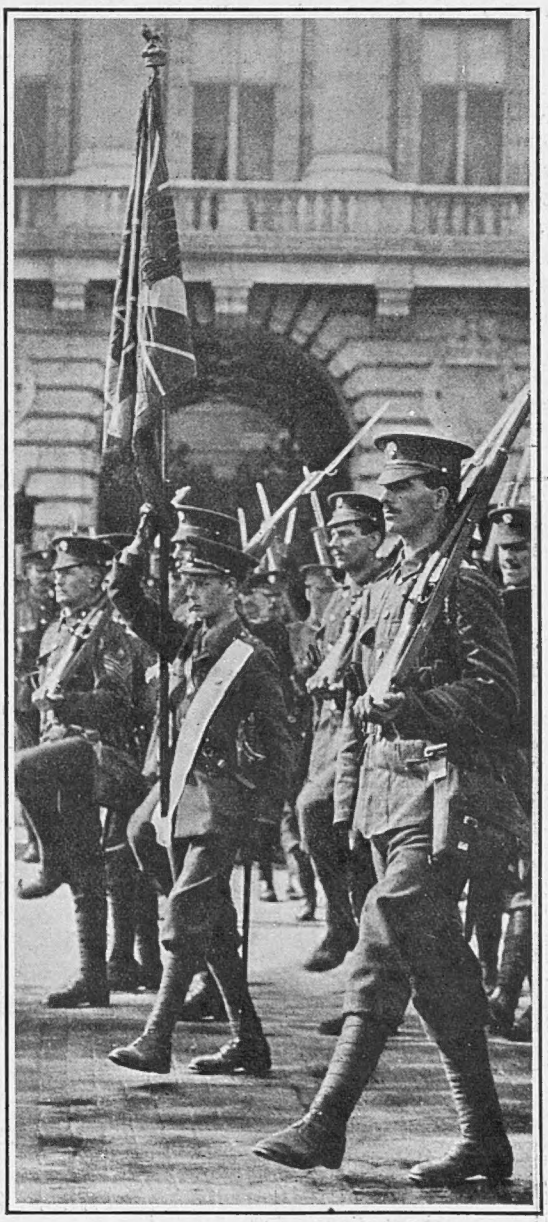
AT RANELAGH

Queen Alexandra making a tour of inspection at the Ladies' Kennel Association's show



AT ROEHAMPTON

Is Queen Mary's Hospital for wounded soldiers. Her Majesty arriving at the Palace Theatre for a matinée in aid of the funds of her hospital



THE PRINCE OF WALES

Who has earned and obtained the Military Cross, carrying the colours of the Grenadier Guards on their departure from Buckingham Palace

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 426)

Um—ah!

CONGRATULATIONS to Sir Ernest Shackleton on his safe return to—um—ah—civilisation.

⁂ ⁂

Honours Where Due

THE Honours List provided field for thought—why so few War honours? Most of the recipients are gentlemen of the type that would be receiving titles for the usual services in times of peace. Had one been told, for instance, that the one journalist to be selected for knighthood at the end of the second year of the war would be the editor of a sporting and country-house weekly, well—one would have been consumed with amazement! Either this gentleman must have done something very commendable or his *confrères* must have done things very much the reverse. Besides, papers of the type of the *Field*, and, in fact, class journals generally, were, at the beginning of the War, bidden tearful farewells by their news contemporaries. Yet here we all are smiling, and one of our number k is the only journalist knight of 1915.

⁂ ⁂

"C. A. P."

THAT Sir Arthur Pearson should receive an honour is noteworthy chiefly by its tardiness. Its merit nobody questions. He has done something almost beyond reward—brought life and hope to the kingdom of the blind, and as a member of it himself, not as a charity-monger. There is no charity in the world that has less the atmosphere of a charity about it than has St. Dunstan's, Regent Park, where Sir Arthur supervises the splendid work of providing occupations for blinded soldiers.

⁂ ⁂

Greeks and Gifts

THE Allies' relations with King Constantine have been so cordial of late that it is pleasant to see that on Saturday, his name day, a delicate little compliment was paid him by General Sarrail in the shape of the proclamation of martial law in and effective occupation of Salonica. I understand that the King has generously decided not to hold any further celebrations of any anniversaries for three years or the duration of General Sarrail's stay in Greece. It is held to be the function of the Greeks to offer "gifts," not to receive them.

⁂ ⁂

Next, Please!

THE name of this week's Cabinet Minister to undertake the task of bringing to Ireland the benefits of Peace, Brotherhood and Union has not yet reached us. At present, Mr. Herbert Samuel holds the field, and being of the chosen race, he is likely to hold it just a little longer than his predecessors, Mr. Asquith and Mr. George.

⁂ ⁂

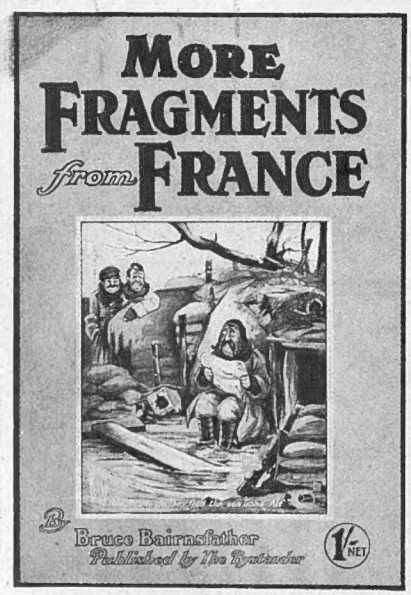
King Stork for King Log

IT certainly was not worth the while of Mr. Runciman to have a nervous breakdown merely to make way for Mr. Harcourt. As a negotiator at the Paris Conference, he may agree to many useful things, but among them I hardly imagine to be the abandonment of "Free Trade."

⁂ ⁂

The Political "En-Tout-Cas"

MUCH appreciation seems to have greeted Mr. E. T. Reed's recent cartoon in which he showed Mr. Asquith carrying himself smiling and imperturbable between the two spectres of war and sedition. What a source of strength it is to our cause that it possesses a Premier who is able to face such combinations of evil without flinching! Suppose we had had a "nervy" Premier in office during the last six weeks?



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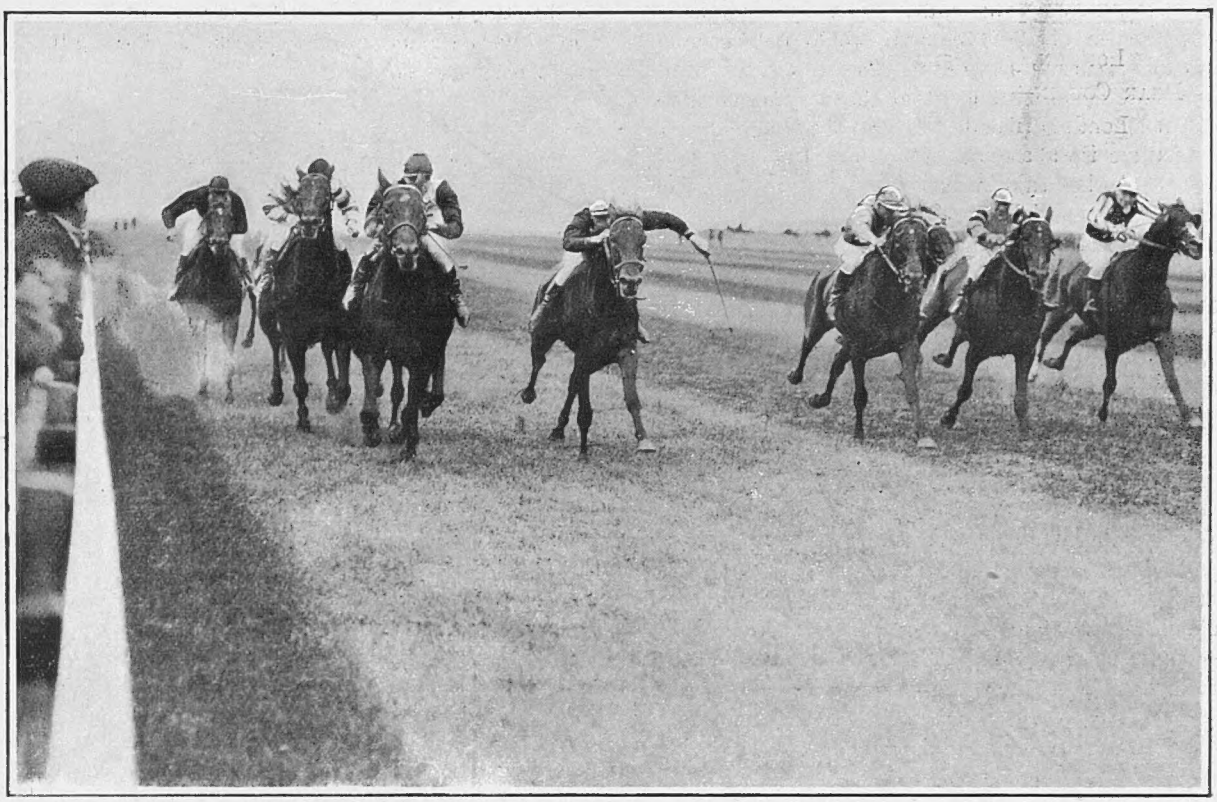
A Change of Homes

THE DERBY AT NEWMARKET—AND AT EPSOM



1.—AT NEWMARKET

Where Mr. E. Hulton's Fifinella, well ridden by Childs, snatched a clever victory in the New Derby

2.—AT EPSOM

Not to be baulked of Derby Day where it *ought* to be, the wounded soldiers, who derive such benefit from the clear and bracing air of Epsom Downs, held a little "race meeting" of their own, and enjoyed some excellent sport. And there was nobody "broke" when the afternoon's fun was over

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *June* 5, 1916.

DEAR COUSIN—

IN London now, though there isn't any season, it can't be said we're forswearing all social diversion and that sort of thing just because of the war. There are shows and sales and concerts and even opera and "little" dances every day, any number of them, and last week there were heaps of first nights as well as a spring meeting at Newmarket — petrol-saving no object, of course, though they do say we're running horridly short, when we've simply *got* to encourage horse-breeding. Which you can only do, of course, by going racing. (See Ministers' speeches.)

"A Society rummage sale at the Caledonian Market"

❀ ❀

AS for holidays, I suppose no one will grudge Mr. Lloyd George a dash over to Ireland. For one thing, the Munitions Minister really deserves a change of air, and for another it's perhaps a good idea that he should, anyway, have just a peep at the country he's going to settle—he's never been there before, I believe, even for a week-end's golf.

❀ ❀

BUT, for the rest of us, the sporting thing, of course, would be with one accord to take no Whitsun holiday. If munition-workers, whose much-discussed carousals have such tragic results for our fighting men, can do without, then so can we. Much more so, indeed, for they need holidays more than any of us, even if they are earning the quite vast incomes people say they do.

❀ ❀

IT'S all very well (don't you think so?) for people in cool green gardens and shaded drawing-rooms and with plenty of nice baths to bathe in, to talk about the wickedness of the men and women in the munition shops and shipyards because they *will* take holidays and go on the razzle-dazzle. Just let *them* try working at high pressure in one of those places, where they turn out the great guns and all the millions of shells, and see what *they'd* feel like after, say, a month of it, no matter what they earned.

❀ ❀

AND as for the way the workman spends his holiday when he gets it—ah, well, no one can be good all the time, can he, and, after all, what can you expect? It's the only way they know, and perhaps it's partly our fault they don't know better.

BY the way, it's certain, anyway, that whatever happens Whitsuntide will be spent much the same as usual by people in general; and the usual tales may be expected from the seaside of bathrooms and attics at a premium for sleeping in, and food at famine prices, and fleets of motor-cars dashing about everywhere. As for the sad plight of the East Coast holiday towns one hears so much about—well, of course, there *may* be something in it.

❀ ❀

BUT I stayed at one last year, when the war and things were much the same as now, and found rooms and hotels nearly as full, and quite as dear, as ever, and landladies just as uppish and independent. Why aren't they businesslike, same as drapers and people, who offer damaged goods at lower prices? People would take the risks of Zeps and bombardments and so on. There's no danger a woman, anyway, won't run for the sake of a bargain.

❀ ❀

JUNE'S to be a busy month in London, that's evident, in the pleasure line, at any rate. The war—well, that goes on in semi-secret, anyway we don't hear or read much about it — officially; and in peaceful England, but for the khaki and, sometimes, the mourning, the dreadful din of war seems very far away. I'm told theatre-managers are grousing about summer-time cutting into their takings and people preferring parks and gardens and the river and all the open-air places to the not-to-be-denied stuffiness of the theatre these lovely nights of June.

"What a wonderful chap Tommy is"

❀ ❀

BUT things can't be so very bad; for the restaurants can't get waiters enough to wait upon their flocks of guests, and there are at

(Continued on page 473

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*continued from page 432*)

least two mammoth new revues, and at one of them, so I've just been reading, "a small army" of engineers have been tearing busy for weeks making a real ice skating rink that's to be re-flooded and frozen afresh before every performance. Which is good war work for engineers, isn't it?

❀ ❀

THE newest charity affair, the Society Rummage Sale at Caledonian Market, is to be done on a generous scale. Fifteen thousand or so stalls, among them a real live menagerie, *lingerie*, flowers, furniture, antiques, hats, Paris frocks, motor-cars, pianos, billiard-tables, jewellery, etc., etc. And Lord Kitchener's busy sister in command of the Women's Signalling Corps just to remind us, faintly, that there is a war and that times are changing.

❀ ❀

AND so many people—in fact, all *the* people—selling that you'd think there'd be hardly anybody left to do the buying. But the Englishwoman dearly loves a Lady, even in these days, and I'm sure the super-clever organisers—Mr. Selfridge and Mr. Arnold Bennett are among them—have managed at least one to every stall. The call of coroneted charity never really fails in its appeal.

❀ ❀

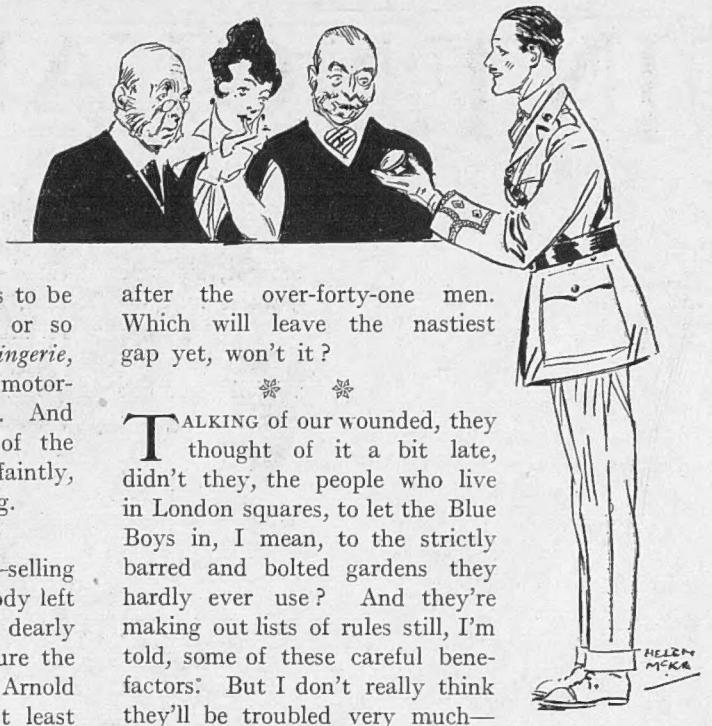
VERY great and grand, too, is also the aforesaid Barrie matinée for our totally disabled men on Friday—we seem to be growing bigger ideas in these directions just as we used to do before the war with parties, when if one hostess fed her guests on truffles and ortolans, the next one after did you prouder still and positively cast pearls into your wine.

❀ ❀

THE King and Queen and all the Royal Family are to be there and souvenirs of *The Admirable Crichton* will be sold by *the* programme-sellers of the moment. You must know them by now by heart, for they do it twice a week at least—Lady Diana Manners, Lady Curzon, Lady Drogheda, Lady Alexander, Miss Violet Keppel, Miss Betty Asquith, Mi s Nancy Cunard, the Torby sisters, etc. Mere programmes will be sold by actors and actresses, and greatest stars of the stage will humbly perform for *nothing* the very humblest parts.

❀ ❀

STUFFY affairs, of course, on a hot June afternoon, these shows, but what will you? You can't have everything, all the time, I suppose, but I think it must be all the women in masses who always give me a slight sense of oppression on these occasions. The men available for these affairs get fewer and fewer, even if they all turned up—which they don't. So many, more and more every day, are engaged in the great adventure, and in only about a fortnight from now the ones who didn't want to will have left us all on our lonesome. After which they say K.'s coming after the over-forty-one men. Which will leave the nastiest gap yet, won't it?



"'See this knob,' he'd say"

❀ ❀

TALKING of our wounded, they thought of it a bit late, didn't they, the people who live in London squares, to let the Blue Boys in, I mean, to the strictly barred and bolted gardens they hardly ever use? And they're making out lists of rules still, I'm told, some of these careful benefactors. But I don't really think they'll be troubled very much—except, perhaps, by the *very* sick and sorry, those of our poor broken men who have to follow where their nurses lead.

❀ ❀

AS someone says, sentimental Tommy's not so fearfully keen on Eveless Edens, so perhaps the flappers in the Parks, those peerless professors of the art of cheek and back chat, will still see more of them than the well-guarded nursemaids and children of these exclusive railed-in enclosures.

❀ ❀

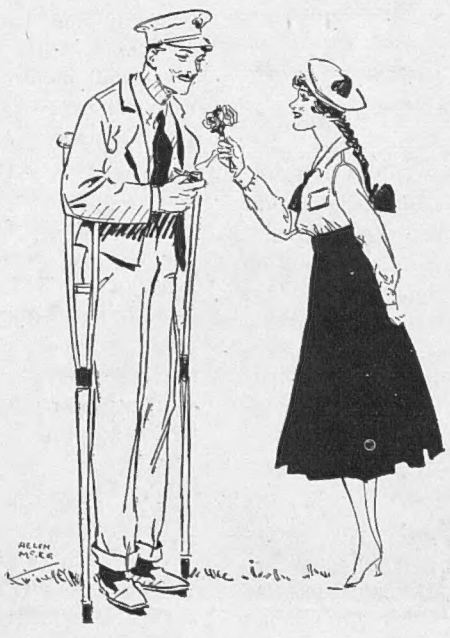
"WHAT a wonderful chap Tommy is," a Canadian officer's just written me. "Chock-full of such original, if sometimes slightly acid, humour." You know what he calls the German shells that come along and don't explode—"Yanks." "Anuver one wot's too proud to fight!" they say.

❀ ❀

IT was the "Canuck," too, who told me of the soldier-man who got so fed-up with people asking to see his war souvenirs that he took to producing an ordinary old door-knob on these occasions. "See this knob?" he'd say. "Well, I was going into my billet one day and had just taken hold of the door knob when a Jack Johnson came along and blew the house out of my hand." That quietens them.

❀ ❀

IT'S to give some soldier-man a treat that I've just got yet another ten bob from a nice man in Mombasa who did it once before—"as you call me a dear thing the least I can do is to send you another little present for them." I wish I could blow it all in nice long drinks to send out to the East, where they're always thirsty and you can't get any ice to put in your



"So perhaps the flapper in the parks will still see more of them"

(*Continued on page 434*)

IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 433)

drinks, or even drinks to put your ice in, sometimes. But I'll do something nice with it—a Fortnum and Mason "special," I expect—and send thanks and greetings to my anonymous donor.

⁂ ⁂

"I HAVE to write to you anonymously, Blanche," he says, "because I've got a little girl of my own, and if she knew—Gee-whiz! I hope to get home some day, though—and *then*. . . . Oh, I forgot, I'm not one of the khaki or navy blue boys, worse luck, so I shouldn't have a chance, should I?"

⁂ ⁂

APROPOS, in his newest book Mr. Wells, our pet psychologist, says that frivolous women are going to be abolished. That after the war marriage will be an "incident" in a woman's career as in a man's, and that she's going to disappear entirely, the pre-war woman who was "consumed" by marriage and the bringing up of children.

⁂ ⁂

BUT—I wonder. . . . They do make *such* mistakes, these Fabians, don't they? It's a way people have who are out to reconstruct the world. And though, of course, Mr. Wells knows a lot more than just mere me about everything, it *is* these great ones, isn't it, who *are* apt to trip on these—er—simple subjects.

⁂ ⁂

ANYWAY, I haven't noticed the abolishment of the frivolous going on to any great extent. In fact, as ever, it's the gay and giddy gadders who get the good times, while the dull and dowdy and domesticated bloom unsought and unseen beneath the parental roof, the consciousness of virtue their one and only reward.

⁂ ⁂

SOLDIERS and also sailors, as well as all the other men prefer, it seems, to all the Marthas in Christendom, anyway, to take to lunch at the Carlton grill or somewhere, "a vain little pinch of sweet rose-coloured dust." You know, the sort who makes him think "of Tyre and Sidon, of the Song of Solomon, and of Faustine, Félise, and the garden of Proserpine." More amusing, I expect, to ponder upon in the desert or the trenches, or on the high seas. And more romantic, too, which is always attractive, isn't it? For deep, deep down, you know, he's the most incurable romanticist ever, that rather nice thing called man.

⁂ ⁂

AS for the woman's side of the matter, with all the publicists and Empiricists and Eugenists and people telling us that nothing matters only babies, I don't quite see marriage becoming "an incident," do you? Less "consumed" by the business they may be, because of all the new paths open even to the married. But the modern idea isn't in favour of a theory which leaves maternity to the docile and domestic sort, while the intelligent run the world—it's so wrong by all the rules of biology.

⁂ ⁂

AND, after all, what is there half so interesting, what other adventure is half so tremendous for a woman as marriage? As G. B. S. used to say, it's a big mistake to get married; but it's a much bigger mistake not to get married, and I've yet to be convinced that even the newest woman, if she *is* a woman and not a nothing, really prefers an office to a home or "independence" (such a silly word when every human being is dependent one upon the other) to what, after all, are the fairly lightly woven chains of matrimony. Also, it's a pensioned profession. It's wives, not typists, isn't it, who get board and lodging and pocket-money when old and cross and ugly.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

Photograph *Rita Martin*

A DELIGHTFUL PORTRAIT OF LADY BROUGHTON

Wife of Major Sir Henry Delves Broughton, Bart., Irish Guards

Wilson Must Watch Out

TINO: "My! but Wilson will have to be pretty spry to beat me at this"

EITHER A KHAKI-CHOSEN CHAMBER OR NONE AT ALL

WHAT is to be done about this coming General Election? It cannot conceivably be taken without the votes of the five million defenders of their country. Yet the Party machinists are gravelled to discover a means whereby the votes of the five millions can be taken. The difficulty is obvious enough to the machine-minded man. The cream of the electorate, the population of males of fighting age, are not in their constituencies. They are in France, Flanders, Salonica, Mesopotamia, Egypt, India, East Africa, Ireland, and in training camps at home. It would not do to take the votes only of those men who are handy—as, for instance, the home service men. Nor could one differentiate between the men serving in France and those serving further afield. It must be the whole Army and Navy or none. I might add, likewise, that a large percentage of the million or so munition-workers are also working out of their registered districts.

ALTOGETHER the problem looks insoluble. The idea of conducting an election in the trenches, under shell-fire, gas, and liquid metal, is funny without being vulgar—unless the Germans agree to an armistice on polling day which is grotesque. If there is one thing the Wilhelmstrasse likes it is our Parliament as at present composed, and a khaki-elected substitute is a thing it will like so little that it may be relied on to institute, on Polling Day at the Front, one of the biggest "strafes" on record.

ALTOGETHER it looks as though we shall either have to go without a General Election altogether or——think of some new means of settling the problem!

WHAT, though, is the problem? It is the election of a House of Commons in place of the present, which has overrun its course and is stale, flat, and unprofitable. It is composed of peace-time politicians, who (with a number of gallant exceptions) still regard politics as a game between the ins and outs, even though the ins and the outs are for the moment in combine. In order to keep one group "in," the peace-time politicians yield as obediently as ever to the crack of the Party whip. Consent is given to innumerable adjournments and subterfuges for avoiding debate.

PARLIAMENT is Parliament. The question, however, is whether it needs to continue to be Parliament, and whether the times do not call for some very drastic substitute. Having decided almost unanimously that Twenty-Three is too large a number of men to control a great war, what earthly excuse is there for six hundred? The instinct of the nation is to scrap Parliament altogether while the fighting is going on, and one may be pretty certain if the question were "Shall we scrap Parliament for the Duration of the War" that the overwhelming majority would give the answer "Yes."

WHY not anticipate the decision of the Men who Matter (that is the fighting men), and scrap Parliament without an election? In foundries, workshops, and other places of business we all know the machine that is useless for immediate purposes, but which may, in some emergency, be suddenly needed. What we do with it is to throw a tarpaulin over it. Couldn't a tarpaulin be thrown over Parliament—to be removed at such time as the machine may be needed?

AS to what that time will be, there seems to be only one answer—*after the war*. Then will come the time for the combing out of public and official life those men who have been given the power to watch the affairs of the nation, yet have not exercised it, and to put in their places those who have been through the fire and thus earned the right to rule. After the war let there be the biggest house-cleaning ever known in the course of history. No election taken now even if it were possible to take it among the Five Million could be anything other than a choice between stay-at-homes, of whose qualifications to sit, with a dozen or two exceptions, the electors can have little or no knowledge.

AN election now might bring a better Parliament than the present or it might not. Personally I suggest that it might not. Recent elections have proved that the "independent," so-called, is usually little better than a gas-bag, and such independents as have been able to stand have so far been only able to do so by the patronage of a "section of the Press." A House of Billings would really be little more efficient than one of Tadpoles and Tapers—a substitution for evils that we know of evils that we wot not of.

FOR the purposes of the war, we have the Twenty-Three that we deserve. I don't see how Ginger-Nuts will be any better likely, with all their ginger, to do any better as a whole, even if they could not possibly do any worse. We have to put up with what we have, and only after the war can the nation do any really effective cleansing of its Augean stables.

THE argument that to do so would give unlimited control into the hands of the Twenty-Three I dismiss. The Twenty-Three have already proved that they can drug, gag, and muzzle Parliament whenever they want by the simple process of gratifying its inexhaustible lust for adjournments. A Parliament that, in the thick of a positive storm of controversies, allows itself to be shut up for three weeks is not worthy of existence. Let it either assert its right to secure efficiency or go home.

"Be Prepared!"

A striking picture of the huge "Preparedness" Parade in New York on May 13, when thousands of marchers in procession endeavoured to "ginger" up the United States Government to get ready for war—if the day should come when "notes" were no longer of any avail

BELLICOSITIES

IT was a happy inspiration on the part of the Venezelist papers to appear with black edges on account of the Bulgarian seizure of Greek frontier fortresses. Nothing could have more effectively reminded their countrymen that the hereditary foe had been shamefully permitted to darken their borders.

❋

"ENGLAND," says an American paper, "has perfected an instrument for the prevention of naval battles—her Navy." Why, yes; but so also has Germany—the Kiel Canal.

❋

HAVING been so constantly assured that the English people are living in a state of frantic terror, the credulous Hun will, no doubt, take the news of our abandoned Bank Holiday as a further and convincing proof that we have been frightened out of our "Whits."

❋

A HAIRDRESSER who applied to a military tribunal for exemption the other day complained bitterly that all his assistants had already been taken. His professional soul evidently revolted against the rough-and-ready way in which they had been "combed out."

❋

As a supreme evidence of the feminine revolution effected by the war, it is stated that women in East Suffolk are refusing to work on farms where there are single men. If this attitude is at all general, there will clearly be no need for Mr. McKenna to contemplate any fresh phase of the tax on matches.

❋

SOME remorseless whole-hog utilitarian has suggested that vegetables, instead of flowers, should be planted in the public parks. May the fates send us peace before we have grown accustomed to speak of the "Greens Park," and to sun ourselves in the Broad-Bean Walk in Kensington Gardens!

❋

THE best intentions must be credited to the American Bishops who are trying to shorten the Ten Commandments. But it will be a hard matter to provide a popular alternative to the more usual method of cutting a few of them out altogether.

❋

A CONSCIENTIOUS objector who begged, last week, to be left at "his habitual employment," proved, on inquiry, to be a chronic out-of-work. His job is now to assist in dealing with two other weary "Willies," who hail from the further side of the Rhine.

❋

"OMELETTES without broken eggs are not war," profoundly remarked a *Star* leader-writer the other evening. This, of course, is particularly true in view of the fact that war is nowadays so largely a question of shells.

ARMED AGAINST FATE—AND FLAGS

With silencers on his ears and blinders on his eyes, Mr. Brown, by the dog-and-string method, succeeds in catching his train in peace!

MORE "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

The Saint

That indiscriminating orb, the moon, gives Private Scattergood a saintly appearance, sadly out of keeping with his thoughts.—He's filling 100 sandbags at 11 p.m.

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

[*Captain Bairnsfather's sketches appear exclusively in "The Bystander" each week.*—ED.]

Futurism Finds the War

"LA PATRIE"

This striking picture, by C. R. W. Nevinson, the Futurist artist, is an interesting reminiscence of his own work in the war. Mr. Nevinson served as a motor-ambulance driver in the autumn of 1914, and has witnessed many such scenes as that so graphically and terribly told here

The Bystander in Paris

EXPENSIVE LUNCHEONS—AND WHO EAT THEM

"We were rather late for lunch"

HER veil was a white one, and she always looks very young, anyhow, so perhaps there was some excuse for the head-waiter. It was a beautiful day, we were rather late for lunch, and if you are late for luncheon in Paris (and Paris lunches very early) you are always more likely to get a good one at an absurdly expensive restaurant than by trying to practice war economy. So we unfolded our napkins in the corner of a garden where the waiter's smile costs a dollar and they put ten francs extra on the bill if you speak to him. And we looked at the imperturbable face of the presiding deity, accepted the bill of fare (unpriced) which he handed us, sighed gently, and said "*Et voilà!*"

❋

THEN the head-waiter washed his hands over the table-cloth with that invisible soap head-waiters use, and suggested *hors d'œuvre*. *Hors d'œuvre*, in these places, pay the rent, because they charge you a shilling a prawn, or thereabouts, with an extra trifle for every feeler, and goodness alone knows what goes on the bill if you take any oil with your sardine. The head-waiter then suggested boiled pheasant, and I'm afraid I winked at him, and told him that he was entirely mistaken about Madame. So we settled down to earth after this little explanation, and had a very nice luncheon. We couldn't prevent a curtain fire of woodland strawberries and cream because the head-waiter said he would burst into tears if we didn't eat something reasonably expensive, but we dodged the cross-fire of greengages in little wadded nests which disagree with you at the rate of a shilling for the green and an extra sixpence for the gage, and we eluded the heavy cannonading of that dear old wheeze, the 1816 brandy. But it was a good lunch, and when the head-waiter saw quite a well-known man in an expensive uniform greet me on terms of intimacy he became quite human and chatty.

❋

"WHO buys the things at these awful prices?" I asked him. "I went all over Paris the other day to try and get hold of a brace of pheasants for an invalid with a healthy appetite, and each feather was more than worth its weight in diamonds, to say nothing of the price of the bare bird. Where does all the money come from to buy these things? You *must* sell them sometimes or you wouldn't have them." The head-waiter looked round him with his finger on his lip. There was a good deal of him to look round, but these waiter people are wonderfully supple. "The new aristocracy," he whispered. "And who are they when they're at home?" I asked.

❋

HE didn't exactly wink, but there came a faint crease in the landscape of his left cheek, the one with the hairy mole on it. "The saviours of France," he murmured, and, so that I shouldn't see him chuckle, he went off, and was very angry with three perfectly inoffensive subordinates for a minute or two, making sucking noises through his lips at them and waving his napkin about. I had just paid the bill. My companion (women do these things) deliberately purloined an unripe apricot, not because she wanted it, not because she liked it, but because it was expensive and the house would have to pay for it. The head-waiter, being then quite certain that we were *des clients très Parisiens* (the sort of people, doncherknow, who leave an expensive motor-car jewelled in every hole outside the theatre while they sit in seats which they have obtained on the nod) took us to his manly bosom as it were, and told us all about it.

❋

THERE is a great deal of money to be spent in Paris nowadays. It isn't *chic* to be anything but poor, really, but tradespeople and everybody concerned are very careful to conceal that fact from the people who have the cash. They are, of course, war profiteers. Not necessarily dishonest folk, but people who have had the luck to be in trades where profits have been rained into their pockets. They live in a world of their own, these people, a world where money is as new and as delightful a sensation to them as was the arrival of manna in the wilderness to the Israelites. And in the case of these Israelites (who are not always Jews by any means)

(*Continued on page 442*)

"He did not exactly wink"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (concluded from page 441)

money is the only manner they possess. But they do enjoy life, bless 'em.

⁂

It is all so new to them. They are the people who used to travel second-class and on the tops of omnibuses and go to the Bois de Boulogne in taxi-cabs and plod dustily out and back again on Grand Prix day and go to the second day of the Fête des Fleurs and envy the people whom they watched spending money and being *chic*. In England their wives and daughters would have read THE BYSTANDER, taking it on joint subscription—twopence per week per family—with Mrs. A. and Mrs. B., who always kept it longer than they ought to. In Paris their wives and daughters watched the ten-franc crowd go into the Salon every spring as as to get an idea how to make over that dress which "really looks almost like new." Now, all of a sudden, these people have real money to spend, and they haven't found out yet that it isn't *chic* to spend money. I don't suppose they ever will find this out. (In fact, between you and me and the cashier, I don't believe it's really true. I find it more difficult to pay for a good cigar than I used to in 1913, but I manage to smoke one just as easily, *savvy vous ?*)

"He told me that trade was wonderfully good"

⁂

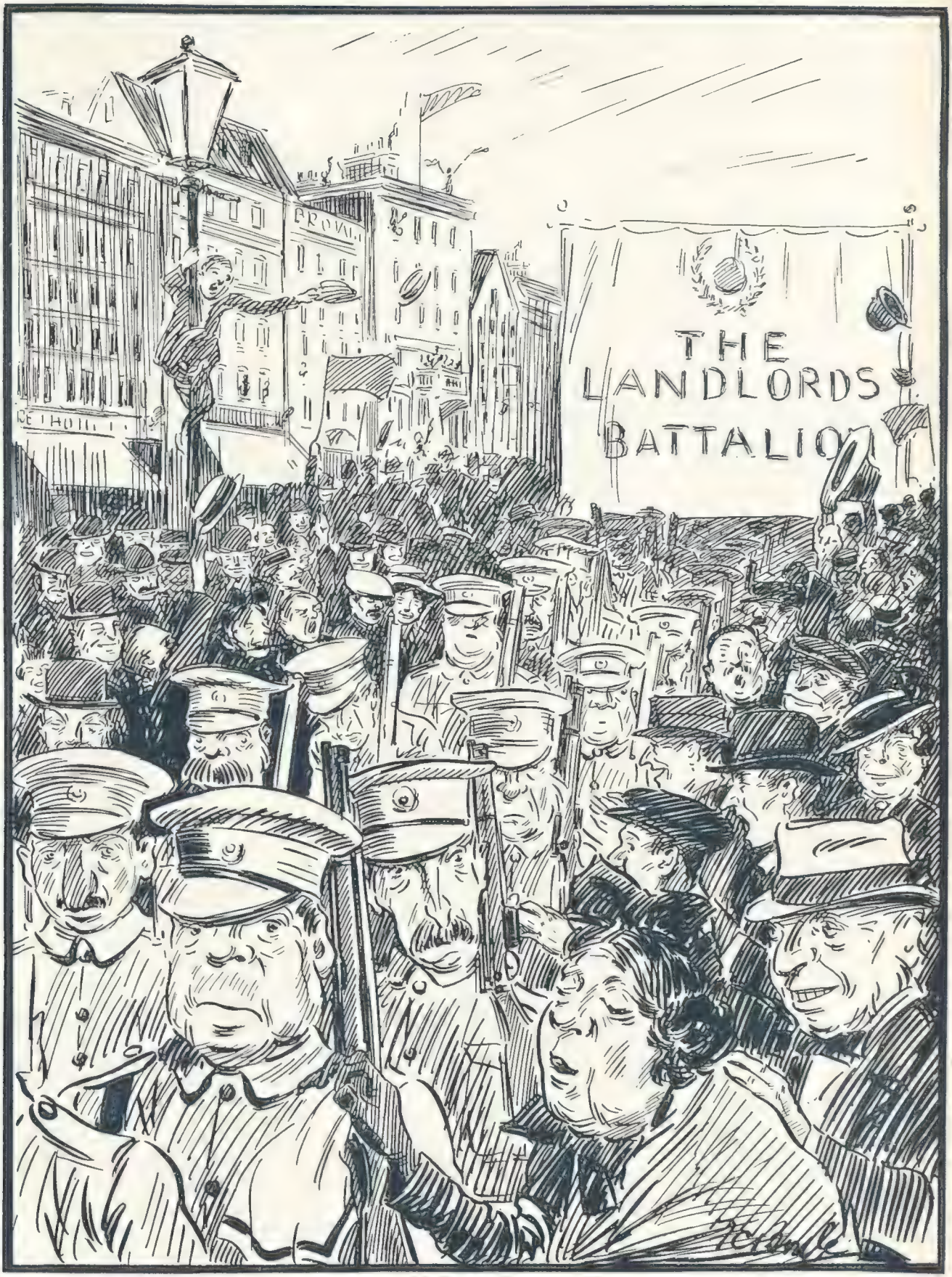
And, of course, these people are good for trade. They have taken the place of the rich tourists who supported, in pre-war time, the industries of Peace Street. A friend of mine in Peace Street, Paris, deals in expensive trifles. I think you call it *maroquinerie*, or *marqueterie*, or *papeterie de luxe*, or anything you like. You know the sort of stuff I mean. Tortoiseshell clocks, and pale purple sealing-wax, and paperweights with diamond eyes, and other necessaries. Therefore, of course, he is a cynic. He told me that trade was wonderfully good owing to the new aristocracy. "But why do these people buy these things ?" I said. "They can't really like them." "Well," said the cynic of Peace Street, "I knew a deaf woman who bought a mechanical piano once, because her next door neighbour hadn't got one. She was a miner's wife, she was, and miners were making big money just then."

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

Biting Contempt

"GR-R-R-R ! . . . . . SHIRKER !"

All Left-Tenants



THE DEPARTURE OF THE "LANDLORDS' BATTALION"

CHORUS OF TENANTS: "Oh! the Landlords all have gone away!
And we shall have no rent to pay;
No troublesome times at Michaelmas Day—
For the Landlords all have gone away!"

Wolves Look

Mich's fine drawing shows a group of Boche prisoners shepherded by a single Spahi, who
seem to lose much of this

k Sheepish

appears remarkably contented with his job. The apostles of "Frightfulness," however, characteristic in captivity

BY MICH

Indis-twin-guishable

Photographs *Wrather and Buys*

At the Vaudeville in "Samples" appear the Terry Twins and the Sisters Bryan—two cases of exact resemblance almost without a parallel

The Vision Feminine

The Curse of Smartness

BY "EFEMERA"

Illustrated by Hill Clarke

The Good Old Days

ONCE upon a time when the world was a very little younger than it is now smartness was an unknown quantity—at least, as applied to dress and manner of living. In the good old days the rich were stately or magnificent, the poor were modest and unpretentious—there was nothing much in between. It may not have been an altogether happy condition of affairs, but at least it was dignified. The *grand seigneur*, the great lady, the ostentatious man of wealth, had their faults; but running after cheap effects was not one of them, and certainly no such idea entered the heads of artisan and peasant.

❀ ❀

The Grand Manner

THEN came the age of fashion, ruled by the fop and the dandy, but still richness was the effect aimed at, abundance in living, excellence and fineness of materials, a relatively high standard. Beauty was still the keynote—the beauty of magnificence achieved by fine linen, heavy silks, and exquisite laces. The grand manner required a fitting *mise-en-scène*; display in dress demanded a background of polished mahogany, solid plate, and powdered footmen. The fine lady stepped sedately from a sedan-chair or from an imposing coach—you could not imagine her tearing about unattended in a taxi, and as for the 'bus——

❀ ❀

The Decline and Fall of Magnificence

HOW have the mighty fallen! We have passed through magnificence, fashion, and elegance on to the merely genteel, and thence from style, good form, and what-not to the ultimate goal: Smartness—to my mind the worst of the lot. Even the French word *chic* has more to be said for it, since at its best it implies beauty achieved through finish and the audacity of a happy artistic touch—artistic, mind you, not "arty." Fortunately we have lived through the "arty" craze, for unkempt hair, sad colours, shapeless cut, and chains of meaningless beads. The æstheticism of it was vulgar because founded on shams; that particular and pernicious brand of æstheticism is dead, but vulgarity still remains with us.

"Fortunately we have lived through the 'arty' craze"

❀ ❀

A Hard-Worked Adject've

WE no longer care for beauty, or real suitability, our one aim is to be smart. I suppose that originally the word smartness conveyed something of a military flavour, a trim and dashing appearance. I can imagine a tailor-made costume as rightly and agreeably smart, but why apply the same term to a frilled nighty, a dinner or an hotel? When we say smart, we really mean fashionable, or *modish* (horrible word!), the last touch of up-to-dateness. The meaning has changed. A smart hotel does not convey the impression of a hostelry where rigid punctuality is the *sine quâ non*, where patrons and servants alike observe a disciplined alacrity of behaviour—one simply thinks of a luxurious place frequented by the richer members of society and those who ape them. The smartness of a dinner is determined by the fashionable reputation of the hostess and that of her guests. As for the smart

(Continued on page 448)

THE VISION FEMININE (concluded from page 447)

nighty, it implies a ridiculously expensive garment of a texture so tenuous as to be all but invisible.

❀ ❀

How to be Smart

ANYONE, in this day and generation, who chooses to take enough trouble and spend enough money, can be smart. It is only necessary to make one's self conspicuous—in the approved manner—and to spend in a striking way in order to achieve that result. It is a vulgar ideal, but we live in a vulgar age—the most vulgar, probably, that the world has ever seen. At no other time so much as the present has notoriety, accompanied by a fairly well-lined purse, been an infallible passport to social success. You cannot be really smart and yet of a quiet or retiring disposition; the two are as incompatible as, say, a flute solo with trombone accompaniment. It is the brass band nowadays that sets the pace.

❀ ❀

A Desperate Race

THERE is no honesty or dignity about smartness—in fact, nothing could be less smart than solid worth or enduring merit, either in persons or things. Smartness endureth for a night, and in the morning you must find some new bauble to replace it, or drop out of the running. The whole thing is a desperate race after novelty, heart-breaking to the breathless "not quites," who must strain every nerve to keep within sight of the leaders. To these it becomes a question of makeshifts, of expedients. It cheapens the whole fabric of life.

❀ ❀

Get Out or Get Under

WHEN the war broke out this country was rotten with attempted smartness. The infection had spread through all classes. Everybody was aping someone else. All the shop-windows were full of objects labelled "smart" in the assurance of thereby attracting purchasers. Children disdained any but smart parties. I even remember a paper in which this heading appeared: "Smart Marriages. . . . Smart Births"—one could hardly go further than that. It was a question of "get out or get under"—if you had no pretentions to smartness you simply did not exist.

"Smartness endureth for a night"

"Anyone can be smart"

❀ ❀

The Trail of the Serpent

AND, as not everyone could afford real smartness, cheap imitations were—and still are—the order of the day. Imitation silk, imitation lace, imitation fur, imitation feathers and plumes, imitation bad manners (for it is not smart to be courteous), imitation cynicism and sentimentality—the two go hand in hand—as for imitation ladies and gentlemen (*sic*) they flourished like the green bay-tree. The trail of the serpent was over us all, there was no escape. No woman cared to be pretty, graceful, or well-bred; even actual beauty was at a discount—all that mattered was to be smart.

❀ ❀

After the War

I THINK that the war has made a difference by shocking us into the realisation of facts. Certainly it will have been a blessing in disguise if it has shattered the cult of smartness and compelled us to more wholesome ideals, a more dignified and simple outlook on life. We have had enough of falsity, of cheap thinking and living. If when the war is over we let ourselves drift back to our former vulgarity we shall deserve whatever fate overtakes us—and it certainly will not be an enviable one.

EFEMERA

"I even remember a paper in which this heading appeared—'Smart Marriages, Smart Births'"

On the Stage—
—and Off

Photograph *Foulsham & Banfield*

MISS PEGGY RUSH

A fascinating picture of the young actress, who is engaged to be married to the Hon. George St. John Brodrick, Lord Midleton's eldest son and heir. She will be a loss to the stage, where she has been very successful in musical comedy

Photograph *Claude Harris*

CADET GODFREY TEARLE, R.H.A., O.T.C.

In the day-time Mr. Tearle is hard at work at his military training, but in the evenings he still delights the audiences who come to see "Tina"

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

MISS GLADYS SQUIRE

Whose portrait is given here, has been playing in "A Happy Day" at Daly's. Her own "Happy Day" was May 25th, when she was married to Captain W. H. Anderson, Loyal North Lancashire Fusiliers, who has just seen eighteen months hard fighting in Africa

"CARRY ON!"

A BYSTANDER WEEKLY REVUE

FIFTH PERFORMANCE

SCENE I.: THE FLAPPER AND THE CHAPERON

[*Curtain rises and discovers a railway station. Flappers are going back to the land. Chaperons are seeing them off.*]

LEADING FLAPPER: The Board of Trade, we understand,
Have said that girls who till the land,
And milk the cows, may run alone,
And need not have a chaperon.

LEADING CHAPERON: Hurray!

. . . .

CHORUS:

FLAPPERS (*mockingly*): O Chaperon! O Chaperon!
Your days are numbered, Chaperon!
A girl may meet a chap alone,
A chap alone, a chap alone,
Without your leave, O Chaperon!
So you must take your nap alone;
Your birds have flown, they've quite outgrown
Your muffled tone, O Chaperon!
You're out of date, O Chaperon!

CHAPERONS (*slyly*): O Flapper mine! O Flapper mine!
You're very young, O Flapper mine!
A subterfuge that nap o' mine,
That nap o' mine, that nap o' mine!
Without your leave, O Flapper mine,
I'll go and meet a chap o' mine,
And go and dine, and laugh and shine,
And not repine, O Flapper mine,
That you're not there, O Flapper mine!

❋ ❋

[*They dance off in opposite directions and scene changes to*]

SCENE II.: LEARNING TO FLY

[*The Carmelite Aerodrome is discovered. Highbrows are flying about in all directions. A huge notice board announces that flying is taught while you wait and see.*]

[*Enter the Air Committee. They arrange themselves minstrel fashion, as a huge tri-and-tri-again-plane descends from above, controlled by a very distinguished person, disguised as Mr. Harry Tate, who takes the centre of the stage—and keeps it.*]

. . . .

PART SONG: BY THE AIR COMMITTEE

We are the Air Committee!
Let nobody ask us why—
We are the Air Committee,
And we're going to learn to fly.
This step we take for appearance sake—
We're a-going to learn to fly.
(*They flutter round singing*)
Learning to fly with Alfred,
Making a big display.
Look at him well, ain't he a swell?
Doesn't he get his way?
Isn't he simply lovely?
Isn't he aiming high?
Hope he won't fall, teaching us all
To fly, fly, fly.

. . . .

We are the Air Committee!
And Billing is in the soup.
We are the Air Committee,
And we're going to loop the loop.
A risky job, but to please the mob
We're a-going to loop the loop.
[*Antics as before.*]

. . . .

Looping the loop with Alfred,
Scooping the scoop with him—
Look at his eye, isn't he fly?
Isn't he awful slim?
Isn't he bright and merry?
Doesn't he whoop and whoop?
Isn't it gay to watch the way
He'll loop, loop, loop?

❋ ❋

[*They loop off and scene changes to*]

SCENE III.: THE HANDY-MAN

[*The deck of His Majesty's Ship of State is discovered. Enter George, the handy-man. He adjusts his slacks and everyone else's.*]

SONG: "SEND FOR ME"

If you cannot get anything done—
Send for me!
If you've finished before you've begun—
Send for me!
If you find your munitions are shrinking,
And would like to say: "Someone's been drinking"—
Send for me! Send for me!

. . . .

If the miners are doing a mike—
Send for me!
If you cannot do just as you like—
Send for me!
If you're past the invention of fictions,
Or if Asquith develops convictions—
Send for me! Send for me!

. . . .

If Erin goes bragh in the night—
Send for me!
If Sinn Fein sets the Liffey alight—
Send for me!
If your hopes of Home Rule are at zero,
And the North warbles Lillibullero—
Send for me! Send for me!
[*Exit with much determination.*]

[*Curtain.*]

[FURTHER SCENES NEXT WEEK]

Uneconomic Economy

FIRST MICROBE: "Come on Bill, this anti-street watering is just all right"

Novels of the After-War

THE CHARM OF "RED ROSES"*

FACT is beating fiction just now, and for many a long day Romance will run with her tail down to some hiding-place where Reality cannot shame her. Our novels of adventure were, for the most part, written by nervous old gentlemen who thought of a good plot after a bad dinner, and had never been nearer to the South Seas than Margate Pier. That part of the nation that has been "out" has had its bellyful of real adventure, and those of us who are stay-at-homes have been regaled by them. Thrills have been out-thrilled in fact, and we shall now have to thrive on emotions.

TRUTH to tell, the average novelist before the war was steeped to his eyes in snobbishness and nonsense. He relied pitifully on false values and tawdry externals. Melodrama was his stock-in-trade for the reason that he was too artless to give a grip to normal life, and he trafficked freely in duchesses because their state excused the intimacy that was not his to give. Our so-called Society novels were, for the most part, written by governesses for shop-girls. And the publishers' reader put in the aspirates. If duchesses dropped their "h's" where *would* our class distinctions be?

I ADMIT that the novelists by portraying life as it *isn't* have provided amusement for the cynical and excitement for the dullards. It is to their credit (of sorts) that they invented the "wicked lord" and the "virtuous chorus girl." (Why a chorus-girl should or should not be virtuous I have never been able to understand, and no lords that I have met are a tenth as wicked as they pretend to be.) But why should we have more lords in novels than the ordinary person runs up against in real life? And why chorus-girls by the same token? Lords and chorus-girls seem to be a sort of pepper and salt (perhaps the ladies are the pepper) that we take with our novel diet. And then there are murders and quite uncalled-for lovers' quarrels—and the wrong person in the right place and pages of bad taste on the part of those who should know better. It is a lie to say that Truth is stranger than Fiction. Nothing can be stranger than Fiction, except it be that anyone should read the Fiction of a writer who is a stranger to Truth.

THE war has brought us up sharply against the reality of things. Parliament and the Press and the Pulpits are now the last refuge of shams. Soon the barbed wire which still surrounds those trenches will be cut. Novelists who out of sheer necessity must lie all the time, should be infinitely careful of being truthful. And in a world of riot they should seek repose. In what we read for pleasure we want Truth in a quiet setting. Life has gone mad, and is running screaming with a dripping bayonet—nothing less than that is the truth of fact to-day. If Fiction then has any compassion in her at all she should come to our aid with a wistful offering of something calm and beautiful and very, very true of the life that once was and is to be again, wherein wooden crosses are but a memory of a tragedy beyond all tears.

I AM still wondering whether "Joyce Thomas" is he or she. Certainly the story *Red Roses* is "it." For my sins I have to skim through stacks of novels, but I have read *Red Roses* twice. And I have placed it in a corner of my bookshelf near to hand. *Red Roses* is not merely a story that helps one to forget the world-horror, but it is true to life on every page. It is my ideal of what the after-the-war novel will be. A tale of the potteries, absolutely untainted with melodrama, with no character in it that relies on anything but downright human nature to compel interest, it *holds* from beginning to end. The man is a breezy self-reliant fellow, and the girl is adorable and worthy of the man. And the fine art of the whole story is that although everything does happen as everyone believed it would, yet one reads on and on simply because one must.

IT was a daring effort for a new craftsman to make. Mr. Barrie might say, "I'll call up just the sort of people that you and I meet in the flesh every day. I will describe their doing of just the things they would do. No thrills except those of emotions; no emotions even—except those that are appropriate." That is exactly what Joyce Thomas has done. But the whole story is life, *real life,* finely holding and immensely amusing. One feels that it is history. One loves Hill Town despite its ugliness, and one knows Evelyn, the red-rose girl, quite well, and only wishes one met her oftener.

THERE is this to be urged for *Red Roses* and the novels of peaceful truth—when life becomes rarer *character* increases in importance. And why should we be ashamed of our emotions when we still have morals to play the scapegoat? Above all let us go in quest of the uneventful, for that is where things really happen. There is much to be said for the "Pilgrim's Progress" for the "Sonnets" of Shakespeare, and for "Three Men in a Boat." I think I will look up my copies of these great works and bind them all up in a single volume. They are all absolutely true, and, therefore, quite unbelievable. Just now it is hell and anguish to believe what is true, so let us hasten to make-believe in the pleasant un-real. Ought the sun to shine while young men die? I am growing old, and feel that youth and strength are precious beyond everything. So give me books of life that I may forget—and remember.

FOR'ARD ON.

* "Red Roses." By Joyce Thomas. (Simpkin Marshall)

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"Toto" in her New Home at the Apollo

TOTO CAUSES TROUBLE IN THE JOLLETTE HOUSEHOLD

This Scene shows the finale of Act I., a very effective curtain

Photographs *Wrather and Buys*

MISS ENID SASS

As Alice Morel, who "hears the soft note of an echoing voice, of an old, old love, long dead." The dresses in "Toto," by Camille de Paris, Ltd., give completeness to a series of charming pictures

This article reviews the precepts of Pope and Bradley

SHIBBOLETHS, in these days of Armageddon, exist only to be disregarded. So, in controlling the policy of Pope and Bradley since foundation, have I disregarded the shibboleths of the tailoring trade.

Conservatism in business methods and hide-bound convention in style are alike to me anathema. Commercially, the shibboleth that the exclusive West-End tailor should give unlimited credit is illogical and unsound, and is inevitably responsible for inflated charges. Artistically, the shibboleth that time-worn fashions possessing no merit, and revered only by reason of their antiquity, should be allowed to remain unchanged is opposed to my conception of art, of utility, and of progress.

Taking Cover

"RILETTE'S" PAINTINGS TO THE COMMISSION OF H. DENNIS BRADLEY VISUALISE THE LIGHTER SIDE OF A DRAB WAR.

To write of clothes, with the world at war, is to afford the sceptics an opportunity for contumely; but, say what they will, clothes, in war or in peace, represent one of the factors of life. From time immemorial clothes have been the means of illustrating the manners, the spirit, and the character of each era of peace, and have always played a part of paramount importance in times of war. Therefore, I make no apology for the endeavours I made in pre-war days to improve the style and symmetry of the dress of the man about town, nor for the efforts I am making now to gain the utmost utility in the kit of the man in the trenches.

It is this determination to advance continually and never to remain content which has made the reputation of Pope and Bradley. To remain content in either art or commerce is to become decadent.

These are briefly the precepts of my House. If they had not borne fruit this article would never have been written. The artistic development has achieved the commercial success.

Service Demands

War, and the inevitable commercial chaos which followed during the first few months, did not arrest the progress of Pope and Bradley, but it necessitated immediate reorganisation to Naval and Military demands. Mufti business dropped at once to a minimum, and the entire energies of the firm were concentrated upon the Naval and Military productions. With a market flooded with khaki of all grades and qualities, from the outset the House rigidly adhered to the policy of refusing to supply any officer with any material or article of kit which could not be guaranteed as the best possible to procure. This policy has been maintained not from commercial instincts, but because I consider it little short of criminal to allow officers to purchase second-grade materials which producers must know to be totally unfit for active service.

In war-time reputations are difficult to maintain and easily lost. With the great demand for war materials nothing is simpler than for unscrupulous producers to inflate prices and make great profits. But excessive profits in war-time savour to me of blood-money, and in directing the policy of my House I am pleased to be able to say that its name has been kept clean. The productions of Pope and Bradley have been sold throughout the war at less profit than those obtained in pre-war days. This statement is certified by our chartered accountants, Messrs. Southwell, Tyrell, and Co.

I have no use for ephemeral success. I desire that the prestige of my firm should stand higher after the war than it did before.

Mufti Fashions

I suppose the pessimists and the economy mandarins will take an unholy joy in anathematising any reference to fashion in war-time. But even war has never succeeded in annihilating it. It is true that fashions and formality in men's clothes during the first year of war were unstudied and disregarded, but the phase has passed, and at the present moment fashion is being studied to a certain degree.

It is interesting to know that the smartest dressed men wearing mufti in town are officers invalided or home on leave. Service men tell me that the freedom of mufti is the greatest relief to the nerves after active service. They order their mufti from the trenches to be ready to await their arrival in England.

The fashions which exist to-day might be paradoxically described as "formally informal". In the West-End the lounge jacket has taken the place of the morning coat, and the dinner-jacket the place of the evening tail-coat, but both are designed with precision and symmetry.

If any useful purpose could be achieved by us all clothing ourselves in drab and sombre materials of a pathetic cut and "conscientious objector" style we should not hesitate to do so, but the moral effect of dress is inestimable, and the suggestion of the National Organising Committee that "to buy new clothes is unpatriotic" is simply lack of acumen. When Englishmen appear as tramps and all style in dress is allowed to stagnate, it will be the inevitable sign that the spirit of the nation has decayed. But that time is not yet, and I am willing to predict that the advent of peace will bring the renaissance in style for which the twentieth century is waiting.

"Somewhere on Leave"

"RILETTE'S" PAINTINGS TO THE COMMISSION OF H. DENNIS BRADLEY VISUALISE THE LIGHTER SIDE OF A DRAB WAR.

The two establishments of Pope and Bradley are at 14, Old Bond Street, W., and 11 & 13, Southampton Row, W.C.

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Daddy-Long-Legs" at the Duke of York's

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS is quite a charming play in the best style of American sentiment. The scene opens in an orphanage which is a kind of Dotheboys Hall for young and helpless females. The eldest of the orphans is Judy Abbott, who works at household duties from five in the morning (Summer Time) till late at night, and is told that she ought to be grateful for the food and shelter given her in return for her exhausting labours. In her odd moments Judy works laboriously at the task of self-improvement. She has studied a little science, for instance, so that when one of the babies in the *crèche* has sucked all the green paint from a toy Noah's Ark she is able to explain to the matron that green paint contains arsenic, and is, therefore, not to be recommended as an article of diet for growing children. Miss Pritchard, one of the lady Trustees of the orphanage (a charming performance by Miss Fay Davis) takes an interest in Judy, and has asked a millionaire friend if he will give the girl a chance in life by sending her to college, and supplying her with the means to maintain herself there as the social equal of the other students. The millionaire at first refuses flatly to do anything of the kind. He is a retiring, middle-aged bachelor, but he knows enough of the world to realise that people will talk, and that they prefer to make scandal the subject of their conversation at all times.

❋

SHORTLY after that Judy is heartlessly bullied by the matron in the presence of the Trustees, and such harsh things are said about her that she takes the floor in self-defence with an agreeably surprising degree of spirit. She raps out a few home truths regarding the conduct of the orphanage in general and her own wrongs in particular, and the Trustees retire in righteous horror at this lamentable manifestation of human ingratitude. Then the millionaire intervenes. He authorises Miss Pritchard to tell the girl that she is to be sent to college and to be maintained there at the expense of an unknown party. Judy naturally wishes to know the name of her benefactor, but as she runs to the window to try and identify him there is nothing to be seen of him but a fantastic shadow thrown by the head-lamps of his car. The shadow runs mostly to legs, and Judy decides to call her new-found friend "Daddy Long-Legs" accordingly.

❋

THE real name of "Daddy Long-Legs" is Mr. Jervis Pendleton, who is a member of a very "superior" American family. Mr. Pendleton calls at the college in the next act nominally to see his niece, who is Judy's fellow-student; but it is soon clear that he has come to see Judy herself. He finds her strenuously endeavouring to acquire ladylike manners, and above all to conquer the fatal habit of exclaiming "Gee-whiz!" in moments of surprise. From that moment it is obvious that Mr. Pendleton has made up his mind to marry the girl, as it were; and nothing is likely to happen that can stave off the inevitable catastrophe. It is true that at the end of the third act, when he proposes marriage, Judy refuses him without any apparent reason; but that was only to be expected when there is another act to come, and you've got to spin your

(Continued on page 458)

Camille de Paris

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*continued from page 456*)

story out somehow. Besides, they tell me that the ladies thoroughly enjoy the rare but delightful spectacle of the refusal of a man's hand in marriage. It is a circumstance that was long since relegated to the realms of fiction, and that is doubtless why it is so popular. Indeed, it is alleged that if an eligible man even shows signs of proposing marriage nowadays, the lady in the case will at once call aloud for witnesses, and will then set the dog to watch her victim while somebody dashes off to find a parson in order to fix the business up beyond recall.

❋

THE success of the play (and of that success there can be no doubt) is due to the very delightful personality of Miss Renée Kelly, who pictures the wayward Judy in her many moods with a delicate humour and a rare tenderness. The humour is of that homely kind which is one of the most welcome exports of the United States—humour that is at times very thinly divided from an affecting pathos. And then the story is just of the nature to appeal to the unendowed millions of humanity. A poor friendless girl, without hope of bettering her dismal state, is lifted suddenly into the realms of affluence by the hand of a worthy benefactor. Good Heavens! as I sat the play out I began to find myself entertaining the fantastic hope that some day a kind person might come along and adopt—me! And a story that will inspire hopes of that kind in the merely unregenerate is a theme to conjure with among the playgoing public. Miss Kelly is excellently supported by Mr. Charles Waldron, who makes love with admirable restraint and yet with the most convincing effect. I should think, myself, that this play will be immensely popular among the ladies, and more especially among those ladies who, by some lamentable oversight on the part of the inferior sex, have not yet been called to bliss by the Prince Charming of their happiest dreams.

JINGLE

"Fishpingle"

THE QUIETEST PLAY OF THE MOMENT

ONE must be kind to *Fishpingle*, Mr. H. A. Vachell's new play at the Haymarket, for it belongs to a class of play that may not long remain—the quiet comedy. It is the quintessence of quietude; a play in which at many moments you could hear a pin drop. It is the equivalent in drama to what in music would be called a Study on the Soft Pedal, and with such a terrible noise going on in the world without, this is the sort of play that is best for us. The time for the noisy drama will come when the war returns from the battlefield, and takes its place in the home. The leading character is represented by Mr. Ainley at his quietest, and the chief humour of the piece is that Mr. Ainley at his quietest is represented, by Mr. Allan Aynesworth at his loudest, to have lost his temper. That is what Fishpingle, the model manor-house butler, positively does not do, whereas his master, the Squire (Sir Geoffrey Pomfret), is doing it all the time.

❋

THE tale is of a Squire who is an enthusiast for eugenics, and who is determined personally to supervise the matrimonial affairs of the village. This brings him up against the village in general and his own household in particular.

(*Continued on page 462*)

IL CAPITANO

When our good King Emmanuel III. signed the decree calling the '90 class, our brave *soldati* returned from all parts of the world. They brought me back many souvenirs from their adopted countries, but the gift I treasure most is a packet of English Cigarettes called Cavander's "Army C.ub" Cigarettes. I was told that the English smokers liked them better than any. *Hanno ragione perché sono eccelenti* (They are right because the Cigarettes are excellent).

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Latest Note from the States

"Daddy-Long-Legs," produced at the Duke of York's Theatre on May 29—a pretty little comedy, which should have as big a success here as in the States

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded from page* 458)

Photograph Elliott and Fry

MR. H. A. VACHELL

One of our most prolific and popular play-writers, whose delicate comedy, "Fishpingle," was produced at the Haymarket last week.

Not only does the stillroom maid (Miss Doris Lytton) want to defy Eugenics and marry the footman (Mr. Reginald Bach), but so also does the Squire's son desire to marry the daughter of the local Radical parson, of whom the Squire disapproves. Fishpingle quietly champions Love as against Eugenics, and for "losing his temper" is summoned on the following day to see the Squire—with his books. Then follows the prettiest scene of the play. Confronted with those awful books, and the prospect of being left to deal with household problems without the aid of Fishpingle, the Squire, in despair, decides to accept the latter's "handsome apology," which he authorises her ladyship (deliciously portrayed by Miss Marion Terry) to secure. What her ladyship does is something quite different. She discovers — the Mystery. It turns out that Fishpingle is, after all—what do you think?—the Squire's own brother!!! And so to bed, as Pepys would say.

⁂

PERSONALLY, I regretted the dragging in of this venerable old dodge. The play didn't need it. We wanted Fishpingle to shine as Fishpingle, the butler, not as a scion of the house, and to win the battle over the Squire without any adventitious aid at the hands of the dead past. The play, which should have culminated in comedy, tapers off into sentimental melodrama.

⁂

NEVERTHELESS, it is all very tender, and touching and delicate, and eminently see-able. The acting is superb throughout. V. C.

THE WAR MASCOT FOR VICTORY

A war mascot designed by Mr. E. T. Reed, which depicts the author of the Great War as he was before and as he will be after it if the British nation does its duty. "Which'll he be? You shall decree," runs the legend. The charms are beautifully modelled and finished in antique style, and made in sterling silver or in Staffs. pottery. Five per cent. of the cost of each "Which'll" mascot goes to the British Women's Hospital and the Incorporated Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society. As the Kaiser caused the war, it is fitting he should be used as the means of providing comforts for the British victims of his blood-guilt

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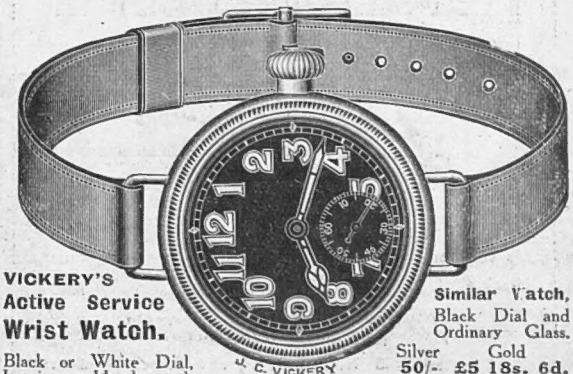

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"The Munitions of Peace"

Is a Trade War to Follow?

EVIDENTLY Mr. H. E. Morgan is among those who expect that it will. In a book bearing the striking title *The Munitions of Peace* (Nisbet: 2*s.* 6*d.*) Mr. Morgan, who knows something about the munitions of war, gives a thoughtful and constructive forecast of the problems we shall have to face when the Great Change comes.

⁂

IT has occurred to at least one Department of H.M. Government—the Ministry of Munitions—that merely to harp on "winning the war" is not enough. Even a victorious peace might prove almost as great a disaster at home as a non-victorious one, unless carefully prepared. Peace needs her mobilisation no less than war.

⁂

MR. MORGAN lays stress on the "necessity for preparation." He divides the problem of the future into three phases. First (very sensibly) he puts the Worker. Then the Employer. Lastly—again *very* sensibly—he puts the Government. From which it is apparent that Mr. Morgan is an individualist and not a partisan of the Super-State.

Photograph *Hoppé*

MR. H. E. MORGAN

Assistant-Director of the Ministry of Munitions and author of "The Munitions of Peace," published this week by Messrs. Nisbet

WHAT everybody is concerned about is that there should result no industrial chaos from a sudden stoppage of the war. Mr. Morgan evidently has "visions" as to the future utility of the Munitions Ministry. Some means for co-ordinating our productive effort in a common patriotic purpose is desirable.

⁂

ONE of the most vital points is that we should realise the determination of the enemy to make up in peace-time for his war losses.

"Germany," says Mr. Morgan, "has shown herself utterly unscrupulous in her methods of war, and if we have learnt the lesson of the past eighteen months aright we must be prepared to meet every subterfuge which may be produced by those fertile masters of the art of deception."

⁂

EVEN the most hidebound of Cobdenites are by now aware of the need to be prepared for the Trade War, and I cannot do better than to recommend Mr. Morgan's book as an admirable guide to thought on the subject. V. C.

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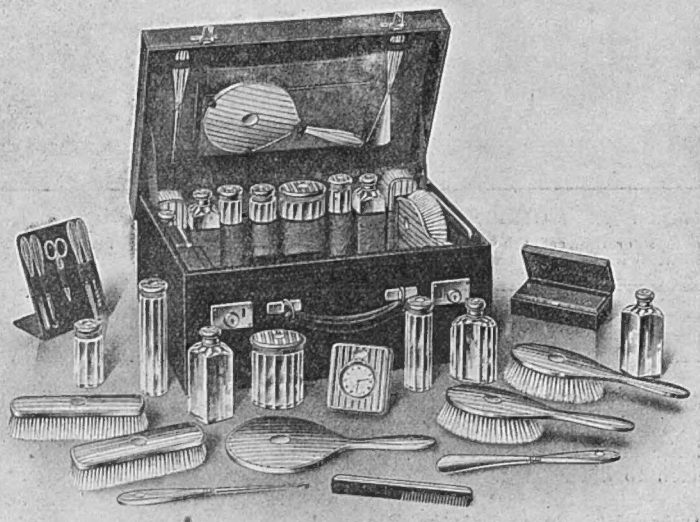

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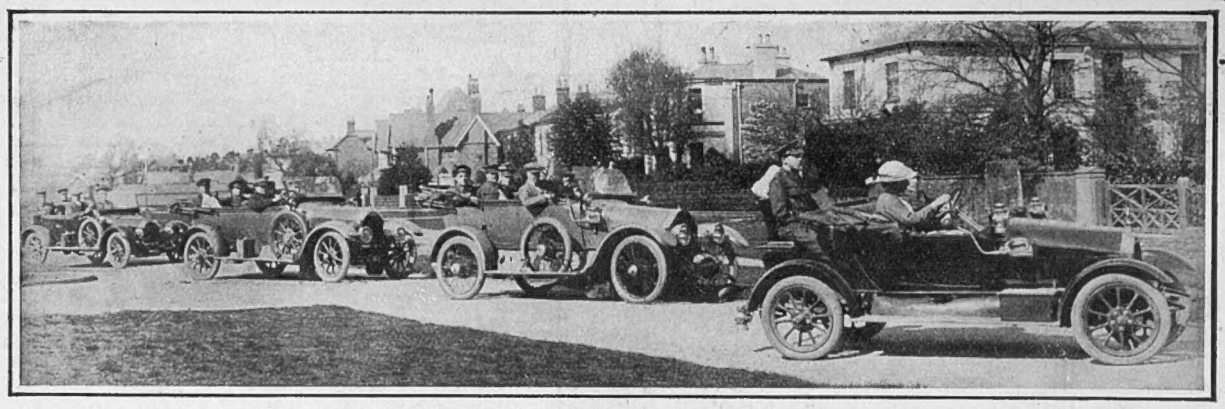

ONE FORM OF MOTORING FOR PLEASURE

A group of Humber cars taking convalescent soldiers for the real thing in joy rides. The little Humber is a big favourite with ladies on account of its great reliability and general handiness

Motoring—In Parliament

Chauffeur or Chauffeuse

According to Mr. Boyton in the House of Commons, doctors and surgeons are in need of chauffeurs. It was suggested that soldiers be released for the purpose in approved cases. Mr. Tennant did not agree. His method is the employment of women. The British School of Motoring, which makes a special feature of training women drivers (and has given free training to quite a number of soldiers, a fact which has so far received very scant publicity, probably, I suppose, because the School prefers to do its good by stealth) reports most excellent results, most of the woman students displaying considerable aptitude for mechanics and quite marked qualities as drivers. This assurance will help relieve the mind of doctors who boggle at the idea of the chauffeuse as much on grounds of supposed temperamental incapacity as on grounds of etiquette and professional appearances.

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The Doctor's Dilemma

I daresay, also, our doctor is not unmindful of the possibilities of running repairs, and visualises himself (for example) sitting in his car while his woman-driver is wrestling with the changing of a tyre. There you have a nice breakfast-table problem. What should the doctor do? Get out and help, thereby be-grubbing himself and destroying the bedside calmness and coolness, or let the woman get on with the job single-handed, to the injury of the doctor's self-respect and his reputation for chivalry? When the question has been answered to the satisfaction of the whole breakfast-table the harmony can be again broken up by pointing out that the doctor has paid for these things to be done for him, and if a man had been engaged they *would* have been done for him. I hope it will not be counted to me for unrighteousness if I suggest that doctors in dread of dilemmas of the kind indicated may find the best solution in the engagement of a discharged soldier or the man rejected as medically unfit. There must be a large and rapidly increasing army of such to draw upon.

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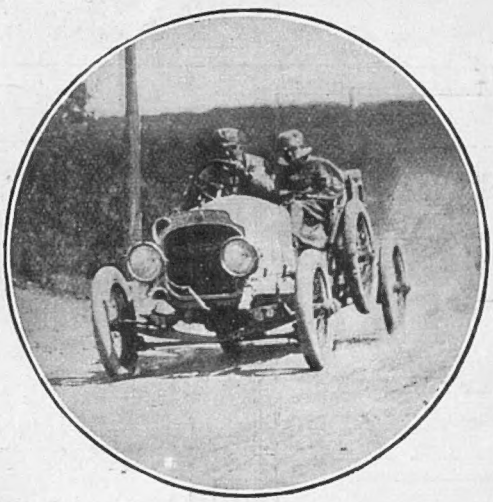
"Hospital—Pass Quietly, Please"

Another question in the House requested special legislation to stop whistles, horns, and other noises outside hospitals. This is certainly not the time to suggest the absurdity and waste of dumping hospitals in crowded and irremediably noisy thoroughfares. One remedy under present circumstances is for the hospital to cover itself fore and aft with a sign—"Hospital—Pass quietly, please." There isn't a hospital in London that would not find an immediate response from motorists and other decent citizens. For the others, a policeman on point duty and a local bye-law making avoidable noises an offence would fill the bill. Incidentally, an amateur nurse stationed under each notice to point to it, and with a suitable receptacle alongside into which coins could conveniently be thrown, would help along the general fund of the hospital.



CLIMBING AT SIXTY

Mr. Boyd Edkins breaking records on a 16-20 h.p. Vauxhall, when he covered the 570 miles between Melbourne and Sydney at an average of 33.60 m.p.h.

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The New Taxes

Mr. Cathcart Wason, who appears in the unusual rôle of motorists' advocate, emphasised the feeling of injustice held by owners of low-priced cars used in business, who were taxed as heavily as the owners of high-priced cars used for pleasure. Mr. McKenna says he has that point under consideration. Sir Tudor Walters asked the Chancellor not to assume that all high-priced cars, or any considerable proportion of them, were used for pleasure, and Mr. McKenna replied to the effect that he was not such an idiot as all that. Then Mr. J. O'Connor appealed for a further consideration of the proposed new tax upon vehicles from 16 h.p. to 26 h.p., which were largely used in Ireland for business purposes, and Mr. McKenna replied that this was one of the points he had in mind. So now we can wait for the mountain of the Exchequer to bring forth what we may hope will be something more than a mouse of relief.

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Of the Things That Matter

Commander Chas. Jarrott (A.A. Special Constabulary) is now Captain Chas. Jarrott, of the Royal Flying Corps. The national service can do with men of his capacity; the motor industry, depleted as it is, can ill afford to lose him even for the duration of the war.—When in Glasgow remember there's a local bye-law which makes it an offence for slow-moving vehicles to occupy the centre of the street. Other municipalities, please copy.

Alex. J. M. Gray

Accumulators.—If you see the signature C.A.V. stamped on an accumulator, you know it is the best, and one that will not let you down. Very rigidly constructed—no buckled plates.—C. A. Vandervell & Co., Ltd., Acton, London, W.

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